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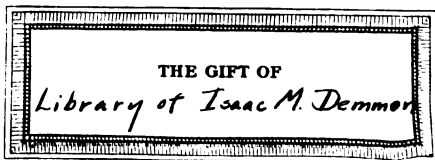
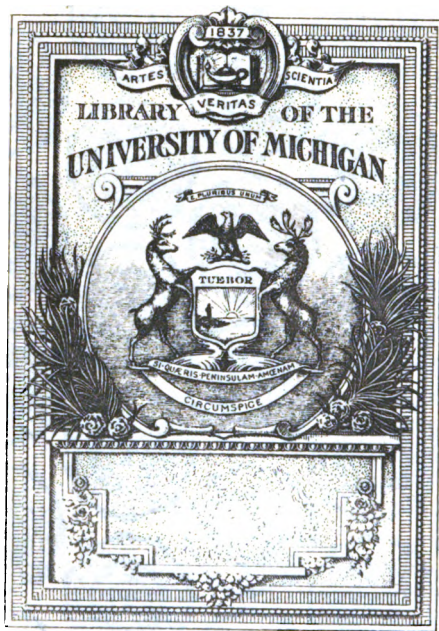
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The hero as prophet. Mahomet

Thomas Carlyle, Prophet Muhammad





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THE HERO AS PROPHET.

MAHOMET: ISLAM.

[LECTURE II: HEROES AND HERO WORSHIP]

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By THOMAS CARLYLE.

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EDITED FOR SCHOOL AND HOME USE BY

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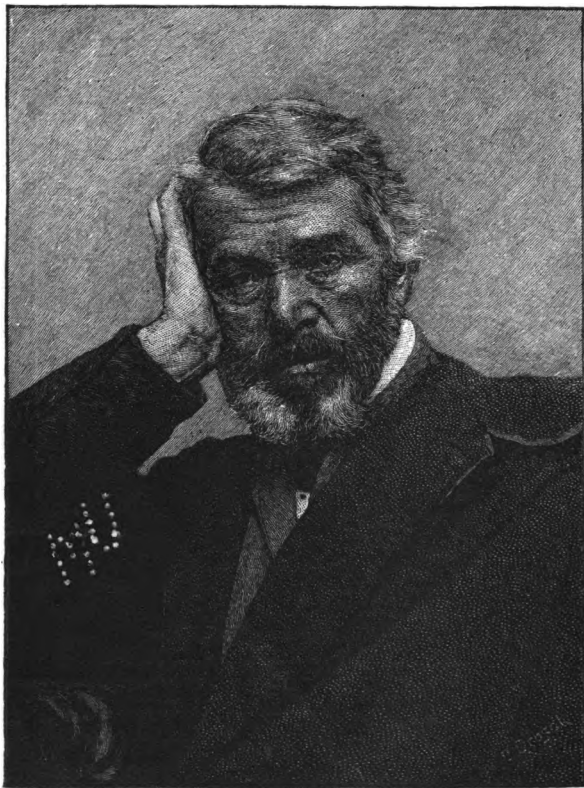
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THOMAS CARLYLE.

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LIFE OF CARLYLE.

THOMAS CARLYLE, one of the most remarkable men of this century, was born in 1795, at Ecclefechan, a village in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, where his father, a man of much shrewdness, held a small farm. At the parish school, and afterward at Annan, he received the early portion of his education. He continued his studies at the Edinburgh University, with the intention of becoming a minister of the Church of Scotland; but before he had completed his regular course, he left the college, and for two years taught a school in Fifeshire. Then began his career as a literary man. His earlier contributions to literature are to be found in the *Edinburgh Review* and other periodicals, and consist for the most part of biographical sketches, making five volumes of "Miscellanies." Among the best is the essay on Burns. He had become an excellent German scholar, and a warm admirer of German literature. Of this he gave evidence, first, by translating Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, and soon afterward by his *Life of Schiller* (1825). Indeed, Carlyle may be said to have introduced the two great poets of Germany to the English public. After his marriage, at the age of thirty-one, to Jane Welsh, whom he eulogizes in his "Reminiscences," Carlyle settled at Craigenputtock, a small estate "fifteen miles to the north-west of Dumfries, among the granite hills and the black morasses which stretch westward through Galloway, almost to the Irish Sea." "In this wilderness of heath and rock," says Carlyle in a letter to Goethe, "our estate stands forth a green oasis, a track of ploughed, partly enclosed and planted ground, where corn ripens and trees afford a shade, although surrounded by sea-mews and rough woolled sheep." Here he wrote his *Sartor Resartus* (1831) (the Tailor Re-tailored), the odd title of a unique book which under a quaint disguise discusses the most profound problems of human existence. About 1837 he removed to London, and in that year produced *The History of the French Revolution* (1837), usually considered the grandest of all his works. This work stands alone among histories, not only on account of the peculiarities of its style, but for the vivid descriptions which it contains. The author, so to speak, takes his reader to some safe place from which a good view can be obtained of the stirring events which are passing around him. He

explains in excited language the causes which have led to this or that catastrophe. Now he shrieks with horror as the yells of the blood-thirsty mob are heard in the distance ; shouts with delight as the true friend of liberty mounts the platform and harangues the multitude ; or speaks words of encouragement to some hero as he passes to his doom. During the eight years following he delivered lectures in London on *Heroes and Hero Worship* (1840), and wrote the *Latter-day Pumphlets*. In 1845 a second great work appeared, namely, *The Letters and Speeches of Cromwell*—his most valuable contribution to the facts of history. In 1851 he published the *Life of John Stirling*, a friend of his. His last important work was the *History of Frederick the Great* (1858-64)—“not so much a history as a grand collection of historical pictures, painted with fire and darkness.” Several works of less importance were afterward published as “Choice of Books” (1866) and “Early Kings of Norway” in 1875. Carlyle died February 5, 1881.

Carlyle was solitary in his manner of living, and stood alone among English authors in his manner of writing. His books were usually written without any previously studied plan, nor did he arrange his thoughts in an orderly way. In the person of Teufelsdröckh, he says he does not care to have his truths “all stand in a row, each holding by the skirts of the other.” His genius refused to be bridled, and hence his writings are often difficult to follow. Again, his ideas are strange and out of the common, while his language is fantastic in the extreme. He often defies the rules of grammar, turns his sentences upside down, makes words to suit himself, and speaks in riddles. Nevertheless, Carlyle was always an earnest, honest thinker, and, for more than half a century fought nobly in the cause of truth against falsehood and hypocrisy of every kind. In point of original genius he had no rival.

Carlyle lived for many years and died at Chelsea, a suburb of London. His mode of life was of the simplest. His house was a plain brick structure, with a deep yard in the rear, in which were four trees in a grass plot, where an awning covered a pine table, at which he sat in the summer evenings smoking a long clay pipe. People who have heard Coleridge talk say they never knew what talk could be till they had heard Carlyle seated at this table with his pipe. In stature he was a tall man, though spare of form. He wore a beard, and his eyes, though full and lustrous, were deep-set. His face was rugged and marked with character, and he had a cliff-like brow. His dress was as plain as a Scotch farmer's ; he wore a long brown coat with large flat horn buttons, and a broad-brimmed felt hat. It was his habit to walk regularly every day and often ; usually alone, with a huge walking

stick in his hand, passing in a meditative mood through the streets near his home. Severe weather did not keep him in-doors. In the last days of his life, when it was seldom that he used his pen, he was regular in his exercise. On his eightieth birthday some one called at his door, and found him out. It was a cold, wintry day, such as is often seen in London, with frozen sleet on the ground. Mr. Carlyle was taking his accustomed walk. He kept a horse, which he rode frequently and always groomed himself.

Carlyle was little known by the people—not even by those who lived near his house. He was as much a recluse in London as in lonely Craigenputtoch. For more than forty years he lived in one house, and few of his neighbors knew him except by sight. His life was singularly heroic. It had one aim, and was thoroughly sincere.

THOMAS CARLYLE, 1795-1881.

"The most original writer and powerful teacher of the age."—*John Forster*. "I would go at all times further to see Carlyle than any man alive."—*Charles Dickens*.

"His value as an inspirer and awakener cannot be overestimated. It is a power which belongs only to the highest order of minds, for it is none but a divine power that can so kindle and irradiate."—*James Russell Lowell*.

"Few writers of the present have risen more rapidly into popularity, after laboring through so long a period of comparative neglect."—*Edinburgh Review*.

"If we exhaust the lessons of his books we have still the lesson of his life to fall back upon; a life instinct with true epical grandeur; a life upon which even calumny and slander have never cast a tarnishing breath; a life based upon realities."—*Peter Bayne*.

"He was tall and gaunt, with a cliff-like brow, self-possessed, and his extraordinary powers of conversation in easy command; clinging to his northern accent with evident relish; full of lively anecdotes, and with a streaming humor, which floated everything he looked upon."—*Ralph Waldo Emerson*, in 1833.

"Carlyle is hardly to be named as a writer for beginners. If you understand and like him, read him: if he offend you, you are not ready for him, and perhaps may never be so; at all events, give him up till you are stronger."—*Ruskin*.

REFERENCES

Carlyle died so recently that the student will readily find in current publications, both of books and periodicals, scholarly references to Carlyle and his works.* "The Life of Carlyle," by Froude, the historian, is perhaps the most complete biography. See also Guernsey's "Thomas Carlyle,—his Life, his Books, his Theories," for a brief biography. An autobiographical work, edited by Froude, has been published under the title of "Carlyle's Reminiscences." A suggestive study of him is that by James Russell Lowell in "My Study Windows," also by Peter Bayne in "Lessons from my Masters." See also Emerson's "English Traits," Whipple's Essays, and Henry Giles's Lectures. His influence on philosophy is discussed by Masson, in his "Recent British Philosophy." For a volume of the best selections from Carlyle's writings, see Barrett's "Carlyle Anthology."

POINTS ON CARLYLE'S LITERARY STYLE.

Whatever diversity of opinion there may be with respect to Carlyle's style of writing, it is generally admitted that it is a style peculiar to himself. Richard Hutton, one of the ablest of modern essayists, says that "It is crowded with stress, and making the same kind of fatiguing impression on the mind which a handwriting sloped the wrong way makes on the eye—an impression of strain and effort." The ablest favorable opinion has been expressed by Peter Bayne. Speaking of Carlyle's skill in sketching the prominent characteristics of great men, Mr. Bayne says:—"Word-portraits like these are unique in literature; unique, I mean, in respect of the vividness with which the personal appearance is realized. Homer alone can be put into competition with Carlyle in this particular field. Carlyle is an inventor, a poet, in style.

* See *Edinburgh Review*, April, 1881, vol. 153; *Br. Quar. Rev.* July, 1881, vol. 74; *London Quar. Rev.* April, 1881, vol. 151; *Westminster Rev.* April, 1881; *Atlantic Mo.* May, 1881; and *Harper's Monthly*, May, 1881.

He is a genius of so high an order—such are his powers of expression—that his advent marks a stage in the evolution of our language. In his hands words cease to be fossil; they bloom into life. Carlyle takes no liberty with the English language for which he cannot plead the example of Shakespeare. When he wants to express a shade of meaning for which there is no word in the dictionary, he makes a term by tacking one or two words together. Carlyle makes words, as Turner mixed colors, to suit his own pictorial wants. Shakespeare did the same. The intellectual power of Carlyle is great enough to cause his most glowing similitudes to thrill with life. In describing the language of his books you are forced to fall back on their author's resource of metaphor, and say that it is now like the gleaming of swords, now like the rustle and glance of jewelled garments, now terrible as the lightning, now tender as the dew, now firm, close, rapid as the tread of armed men, now wildly and grandly vague as the voice of forests or the moaning of the sea." In the "History of the French Revolution" and "Heroes and Hero Worship," Carlyle's style reached its highest point of development, viewed merely as style.

PREFATORY NOTE—MAHOMET.

MAHOMET, or to give his name in full, Mohammed Abul Kasem Ibn Abdallah, the Arabian prophet, and the founder of Islam, was born at Mecca, A.D. 570 or 571. He was the only son of Abdallah and Amina; his father, celebrated for his singular beauty, being of the family of Haschem, the most illustrious in the noble tribe of Koreish, princes of Mecca and guardians of the Caabah. Left an orphan in infancy, he was brought up by his uncle, Abu Thaleb, who trained him to commerce, and took him to the great fairs of Syria and Arabia. The theory of his high cultivation is now exploded. Some of the great Oriental scholars hold that he could neither read nor write, and that he knew the Rabbinical traditions and Apocryphal Gospels only by hearsay. When twenty-five years of age Mahomet married Khadijah, a rich and noble widow of Mecca, and the first fifteen years of his wedded life were passed in domestic quietness, only interrupted by occasional retirement into the mountain solitudes. Having attained at forty years of age a stability of character and distinctness of aims and views, he began to announce himself as a prophet, and to proclaim the doctrine of Islam. His watchword was; "There is no God but Allah, and Mahomet is his Apostle." After three years, he made a more public announcement of his doctrine, especially insisting on the unity of God, and denouncing all kinds of idolatry; but his followers were few for years, and the opposition of the elders and the people of Mecca growing more and more bitter and violent, some of his disciples returned into Ethiopia. In the year 621, Mahomet lost his faithful wife, Khadijah, who was one of the first to believe in him. Soon after the Koreishites, headed by Abu Sophian, resolved to put the prophet to death. He fled from Mecca and hid himself for three days, and with his only companion, Abukeker, withdrew to Medina, then called Yathreb. From this flight of Mahomet began the era of Hegira (July 16, 622). In Yathreb the Prophet at once assumed the offices of king and priest. Persecution, long tried with small success, at length gave place to force and war, and now began the long series of battles by which the faith of Islam was extended over so large a part of the world, and gained a hold which twelve centuries have not broken. Wars with the Jewish tribes followed, many

Arabian tribes submitted themselves, and in 630, Mahomet marched to Mecca, received the keys of the city, and was acknowledged as prince and prophet. He showed no malice against his former enemies, performed the pilgrimages with customary observances, purified the Cabaah, and destroyed its 326 idols, and decreed that no infidel should enter the holy city. The whole of Arabia was soon after conquered, and ambassadors with arrogant claims were sent to the Emperor Heraclius, King of Persia, and the King of Abyssinia; war with the Roman Empire was begun; an expedition for the conquest of Syria was proposed; when Mahomet, believed to be immortal by some of his disciples, was stricken with fever, and after fourteen days of suffering died at Medina, June 7, 632, in the 63rd year of his age. He was buried in a simple tomb on the spot where he died.

REFERENCES.

The best popular account of Mahomet is Irving's, which makes no pretence to original investigation. The two lives which probably present the greatest research are those by Sir William Muir and Sprenger. See also a volume of lectures on "Mohammed and Mohammedanism," by R. Bosworth Smith, and a lecture by Dean Stanley in his "Eastern Church." The 50th chapter of Gibbon, which shows that historian at his best, is a most masterly and complete picture, and is, perhaps, the strongest vindication that Mahomet has received from a European. See Hallam's "Middle Ages," ch. vi., and Milman's "Latin Christianity," bk. iv. chaps. i. and ii., both good samples of the high merit of each as an historian. For general reading on the subject, see the popular works, Muir's "The Corân, its Composition and Teaching;" Stobart's "Islam and its Founder;" Palgrave's "Central and Eastern Arabia" and "Essays on Eastern Subjects;" Burton's "Pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina;" and Bayard Taylor's "Travels in Arabia."

"The Koran," translated into English by Sale (1734), with an elaborate introduction and full notes drawn from the Arabic commentators, is an excellent descriptive and historical survey. In "The Koran," translated by Rodwell (1861), the *suras* or chapters are arranged as far as possible in the chronological order.

THE HERO AS PROPHET.

"No one of Carlyle's books has been more popular than the lectures on 'Heroes and Hero Worship.' They contain many admirable passages, as, for example, the description of the old Norse Mythology, of Iceland, of the Book of Job, of Luther's Table-Talk, and of Dante's Divine Comedy. These lectures are remarkable for the essentially bright and favorable view they present of human nature. The ethical element, and the earnest and spiritual religion, the impassioned sympathy with valor, devout self-sacrifice, all that is heroic in man, and the resolute determination to recognize nobleness under all disguises, which pervade this book, render it one of the best that can be put into the hands of young men."—*Peter Bayne*.

WE have chosen Mahomet not as the most eminent Prophet; but as the one we are freest to speak of. He is by no means the truest of Prophets; but I do esteem him a true one. Farther, as there is no danger of our becoming, any of us, Mahometans, I mean to say all the good of him I justly can. It is the way to get at his secret: let us try to understand what *he* meant with the world; what the world meant and means with him, will then be a more answerable question. Our current hypothesis about Mahomet, that he was a scheming Impostor, a Falsehood incarnate, that his religion is a mere mass of quackery and fatuity, begins really to be now untenable to any one. The lies, which well-meaning zeal has heaped round this man, are disgraceful to ourselves only. When Pococke¹

NOTE.—The editor has seen fit to omit the first few introductory paragraphs to this Lecture, together with a few sentences, here and there, in the text, which are characteristic of Carlyle's occasional obscurity and mystical generalities, as "Speciosities are specious;" "Jargon of Argumentative Greek Sects;" "Unreasoning Dellquum of Love," etc.

1. **Edward Pococke** (1604-1691).—A learned English critic and commentator, famous for his Oriental learning.

inquired of Grotius,² Where the proof was of that story³ of the pigeon, trained to pick peas from Mahomet's ear, and pass for an angel dictating to him? Grotius answered that there was no proof! It is really time to dismiss all that. The word this man spoke has been the life guidance now of one hundred and eighty millions of men these twelve hundred years. These hundred and eighty millions were made by God as well as we. A greater number of God's creatures believe in Mahomet's word, at this hour, than in any other word whatever. Are we to suppose that it was a miserable piece of spiritual legerdemain, this which so many creatures of the Almighty have lived by and died by? I, for my part, cannot form any such supposition. I will believe most things sooner than that. One would be entirely at a loss what to think of this world at all, if quackery so grew and were sanctioned here.

Alas, such theories are very lamentable. If we would attain to knowledge of anything in God's true Creation, let us disbelieve them wholly! A false man found a religion? Why, a false man cannot build a brick house! If he do not know and follow *truly* the properties of mortar, burnt clay and what else he works in, it is no house that he makes, but a rubbish heap. It will not stand for twelve centuries, to lodge a hundred and eighty millions; it will fall straightway. A man must conform himself to Nature's laws, *be* verily in communion with Nature and the truth of things, or Nature will answer him, No, not at all!

But of a Great Man especially, of him I will venture to assert that it is incredible he should have been other than true. It seems to me the primary foundation of him, and of all that can

2. Grotius, or De Groot, Hugo (1583-1645).—An eminent Dutch scholar and statesman, author of the great work on law, "*De Jure Belli et Pacis*."

3. The reference is to a dove which Mahomet is said to have taught to pick seed placed in his ear. The bird would perch on the prophet's shoulder and thrust its bill into his ear to find its food; but Mahomet gave out, as the story runs, that it was the Holy Ghost in the form of a dove, sent to impart to him the counsels of God. Cf. Dr. Prideaux's "*Life of Mahomet*" (1697); and Sir Walter Raleigh's "*History of the World*," Vol. I. i. 6. (1614).

Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?

Thou with an eagle art inspired.—(*Joan of Arc*.)

Shakespeare, *I. Henry VI. i. 2.*

lie in him, this. No Mirabeau,⁴ Napoleon, Burns, Cromwell, no man adequate to do anything, but is first of all in right earnest about it; what I call a sincere man. I should say *sincerity*, a deep, great, genuine sincerity, is the first characteristic of all men in any way heroic. Not the sincerity that calls itself sincere; ah no, that is a very poor matter indeed;—a shallow braggart conscious sincerity; oftenest self-conceit mainly. The Great Man's sincerity is of the kind he cannot speak of, is not conscious of: nay, I suppose, he is conscious rather of *insincerity*; for what man can walk accurately by the law of truth for one day? No, the Great Man does not boast himself sincere, far from that; perhaps does not ask himself if he is so: I would say rather his sincerity does not depend on himself; he cannot help being sincere! The great Fact of Existence is great to him. Fly as he will, he cannot get out of the awful presence of this Reality. His mind is so made; he is great by that, first of all. Fearful and wonderful, real as Life, real as Death, is this Universe to him. Though all men should forget its truth, and walk in a vain show, he cannot.

This Mahomet, then, we will in no wise consider as an Inanity and Theatricality, a poor conscious ambitious schemer; we cannot conceive him so. The rude message he delivered was a real one withal; an earnest confused voice from the unknown Deep. The man's words were not false, nor his workings here below; no Inanity and Simulacrum; a fiery mass of Life cast up from the great bosom of Nature herself. To *kindle* the world; the world's Maker had ordered it so. Neither can the faults, imperfections, insincerities even, of Mahomet, if such were never so well proved against him, shake this primary fact about him.

4. **MIRABEAU** (1749-1791).—One of the most celebrated characters of the French Revolution. During this eventful period, his extraordinary eloquence, his talents, and his boldness gave him irresistible weight in the French Assembly, and rendered him the idol of the people. **ROBERT BURNS**, the great Scotch poet, author of "Cotter's Saturday Night" and many other poems and songs; **NAPOLEON BONAPARTE** (1769-1821), Emperor of the French; **OLIVER CROMWELL** (1599-1658), Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, and one of the most extraordinary characters in history. These were favorite heroes with Carlyle, who has written splendid essays about them, especially the one on Robert Burns.

On the whole, we make too much of faults ; the details of the business hide the real centre of it. Faults ? The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none. Readers of the Bible above all, one would think, might know better. Who is called there "the man according to God's own heart ?" David, the Hebrew King,⁵ had fallen into sins enough ; blackest crimes ; there was no want of sins. And thereupon the unbelievers sneer and ask, Is this your man according to God's heart ? The sneer, I must say, seems to me but a shallow one. What are faults, what are the outward details of a life ; if the inner secret of it, the remorse, temptations, true, often-baffled, never-ended struggle of it, be forgotten ? "It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps."⁶ Of all acts, is not, for a man, *repentance* the most divine ? The deadliest sin, I say, were that same supercilious consciousness of no sin ;—that is death ; the heart so conscious is divorced from sincerity, humility, and fact ; is dead : it is "pure" as dead dry sand is pure. David's life and history, as written for us in those Psalms of his, I consider to be the truest emblem ever given of a man's moral progress and warfare here below. All earnest souls will ever discern in it the faithful struggle of an earnest human soul towards what is good and best. Struggle often baffled, sore baffled, down as into entire wreck, yet a struggle never ended ; ever, with tears, repentance, true unconquerable purpose, begun anew. Poor human nature ! Is not a man's walking, in truth, always that : "a succession of falls ?" Man can do no other. In this wild element of a Life, he has to struggle onwards ; now fallen, deep-abased ; and ever, with tears, repentance, with bleeding heart, he has to rise again, struggle again still onwards. That his struggle be a faithful, unconquerable one : that is the question of questions. .

5. **David, the Hebrew King.**—His life is fully recorded in II. Samuel ch. i. to I. Kings ch. ii. To David is assigned by the best authorities the authorship of 73 Psalms in the Hebrew, and in the Septuagint 11 more. In his Psalms, he frankly reveals his whole heart. Cf. Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible," Taylor's "David," three lectures on David in Dean Stanley's "History of the Jewish Church," and Thomson's "Land and Book."

6. "It is Not in Man," etc.—Cf. Jer. x. 23.

These Arabs Mahomet was born among are certainly a notable people. Their country⁷ itself is notable ; the fit habitation for such a race. Savage inaccessible rock-mountains, great grim deserts, alternating with beautiful strips of verdure : wherever water is, there is greenness, beauty ; odoriferous balm-shrubs, date-trees, frankincense-trees.⁸ Consider that wide waste horizon of sand, empty, silent, like a sand-sea, dividing habitable place from habitable. You are all alone there, left alone with the Universe ; by day a fierce sun blazing down on it with intolerable radiance ; by night the great deep Heaven with its stars. Such a country is fit for a swift-handed, deep-hearted race of men. There is something most agile, active, and yet most meditative, enthusiastic in the Arab character. The Persians are called the French of the East ; we will call the Arabs Oriental Italians. A gifted, noble people ; a people of wild, strong feelings, and of iron restraint over these : the characteristic of noblemindedness, of genius. The wild Bedouin⁹ welcomes the stranger to his tent, as one having right to all that is there ; were it his worst enemy, he will slay his foal to treat him, will serve him with sacred hospitality for three days, will set him fairly on his way ;—and then, by another law as sacred, kill him if he can. In words too, as in action. They are not a loquacious people, taciturn rather ; but eloquent, gifted when they do speak. An earnest, truthful kind of men. They are, as we know, of Jewish kindred : but with that deadly terrible earnestness of the Jews they seem to combine something graceful, brilliant, which is not Jewish. They had “Poetic contests” among them be-

7. Cf. Gibbon's elaborate description of Arabia in Chapter L. of the “Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.”

8. The aromatics, especially the *thus* or frankincense of Arabia, are often alluded to in literature. Milton, in *Paradise Lost*, alluded in a simile to the spicy odors that are blown by the north-east wind from the Sabean coast :

—“Many a league,

Pleased with the grateful scent old ocean smiles.”

9. **Bedouins.**—Nomadic tribes of Arabia, obtaining their livelihood from the rearing of camels, horses, cattle, and sheep, pitching their tents within certain limits, where water and pasturage are most abundant.

fore the time of Mahomet. Sale says, at Ocadh, in the South of Arabia, there were yearly fairs, and there, when the merchandizing was done, Poets sang for prizes :—the wild people gathered to hear that.

One Jewish quality these Arabs manifest; the outcome of many or of all high qualities: what we may call religiosity. From of old they had been zealous worshippers, according to their light. They worshipped the stars, as Sabeans;¹⁰ worshipped many natural objects,—recognised them as symbols, immediate manifestations of the Maker of Nature. It was wrong; and yet not wholly wrong. All God's works are still in a sense symbols of God.

They had many Prophets these Arabs; Teachers each to his tribe, each according to the light he had. But indeed, have we not from of old the noblest of proofs, still palpable to every one of us, of what devotedness and noblemindedness had dwelt in these rustic thoughtful peoples? Biblical critics seem agreed that our own *Book of Job*¹¹ was written in that region of the World. I call that, apart from all theories about it, one of the grandest things ever written with pen. One feels, indeed, as if it were not Hebrew; such a noble university, different from noble patriotism or sectarianism, reigns in it. A noble Book; all men's Book! It is our first, oldest statement of the never-ending Problem,—man's destiny and God's ways with him here in this earth. And all in such free flowing out-lines; grand in its sincerity, in its simplicity; in its epic

10. **Sabeans.**—The principal nation in Yemen, or Arabia Felix. Ancient authorities differ considerably as to the territory occupied by the Sabeans, but it is generally assumed that they were a widely-spread race, extending from the Persian Gulf to the Red Sea, and running up to the borders of the desert in the Arabian peninsula. Numerous though vague allusions are found in the Roman poets to the wealth and opulence of the Sabeans. "The Queen of the South," i. e. of Yemen or Sabæa, who was attracted to Palestine by the fame of Solomon, was probably an Arabian sovereign."—Smith's *Class. Dict.*

11. **Book of Job.**—Has been much criticised, and on many points a considerable diversity of opinion still exists. No doubt can exist as to its patriarchal antiquity. As to the author, many opinions have been held. It is written in the purest Hebrew, and exhibits the most intimate acquaintance with both Egyptian and Arabian scenery. It is written in the loftiest style of Oriental poetry. As a poem, it is full of sublime sentiment and bold and striking images.

melody, and repose of reconciliation. There is the seeing eye, the mildly understanding heart. So *true*, every way; true eyesight and vision for all things; material things no less than spiritual: the Horse, "hast thou clothed his neck with *thunder*?"¹²—he "*laughs* at the shaking of the spear!" Such living likenesses were never since drawn. Sublime sorrow, sublime reconciliation; oldest choral melody as of the heart of mankind;—so soft, and great; as the summer midnight, as the world with its seas and stars! There is nothing written, I think, in the Bible or out of it, of equal literary merit.

To the idolatrous Arabs one of the most ancient universal objects of worship was that Black Stone,¹³ still kept in the building called Caabah,¹⁴ at Mecca.¹⁵ Diodorus Siculus¹⁶ mentions this Caabah in a way not to be mistaken, as the oldest, most honored temple in his time; that is, some half-century before our Era. It stands now beside the Well Zemzem;¹⁷ the Caabah is built over both. A Well is in all places a beautiful affecting object, gushing out like life from the hard earth;—still more so in those hot dry countries, where it is the first condition of being. The Well Zemzem has its name from the bubbling sound of the waters, *zem-zem*; they think it is the Well which

12. "**His neck with thunder,**" etc.—Cf. Job xxxix. 19; "**Shaking of the spear,**" etc.—Cf. Job xli. 29.

13. **Black Stone.**—A dark-colored stone contained in the small oratory of the temple of Caabah, at Mecca, and held in the utmost veneration by the Mohammedans, as having been given by an angel to Abraham. This famous stone, which is a fragment of volcanic basalt, sprinkled with colored crystals, is semicircular, and measures about six inches in height and eight in breadth. It has a border of silver round it. Its color is reddish-black, and its surface is polished. Cf. Muir. ii. 35.

14. **Caabah.**—Also written, Kaabah, a Mohammedan temple at Mecca. It contains a small oratory, within which is the Black Stone held sacred by all Mussulmans. "It is in reality the one temple of the Moslem world."

15. **Mecca.**—The birth-place of Mahomet, and the great center of attraction to all pilgrims of the Mahomedan faith, is in Western Arabia, about 40 miles east from the Red Sea.

16. **Diodorus Siculus.**—A native of Sicily who wrote a "Universal History," in forty books, of which only fifteen remain. It is a laborious compilation of most heterogeneous materials, and occupied him thirty years. It is still valued for the portions of lost works which have been saved. He flourished about B. C. 50.

17. **Zemzem.**—The well Zemzem is about eight feet in diameter and fifty-six feet deep to the surface of the water. The water is said to be very abundant and wholesome, though its taste is brackish.

Hagar¹⁸ found with her little Ishmael in the wilderness: the aerolite and it have been sacred now, and had a Caabah over them for a thousand of years. A curious object that Caabah! There it stands at this hour, in the black cloth-covering the Sultan sends it yearly; "twenty-seven cubits high;" with circuit, with double circuit of pillars, with festoon rows of lamps and quaint ornaments: the lamps will be lighted again *this* night,—to glitter again under the stars. An authentic fragment of the oldest Past. It is the *Keblah* of all Moslem: from Delhi¹⁹ all onwards to Morocco, the eyes of innumerable praying men are turned towards *it*, five times,²⁰ this day and all days: one of the notablest centres in the Habitation of Men.

It had been from the sacredness attached to this Caabah Stone and Hagar's Well, from the pilgrimings of all tribes of Arabs thither, that Mecca took its rise as a Town. A great town once, though much decayed now. It has no natural advantage for a town; stands in a sandy hollow amid bare barren hills, at a distance from the sea; its provisions, its very bread, have to be imported. But so many pilgrims needed lodgings: and then all places of pilgrimage do, from the first, because places of trade. The first day pilgrims meet, merchants have also met: where men see themselves assembled for one object, they find that they can accomplish other objects which depend on meeting together. Mecca became the Fair of all Arabia. And thereby, indeed, the chief staple and warehouse of whatever Commerce there was between the Indian and the Western countries, Syria, Egypt, even Italy. It had at one time a population of one hundred thousand; buyers, forwarders of those

18. **Hagar's Well.**—The site of the Caabah having been destroyed by the flood, according to the Arabian tradition, an angel revealed it to the forlorn Hagar and Ishmael perishing with thirst in the desert, and there, to their needs, bubbled forth the waters of the well Zemzen. Cf. Gen. xvi. and xxi.

19. **Delhi.**—In the early part of the eleventh century Hindostan was repeatedly invaded by the Mohammedans of Afghanistan, who, in 1193, made Delhi their capital. It is a city of Northern Hindostan, about 830 miles north-west from Calcutta.

20. "The devotion of the faithful is repeated at daybreak, at noon, in the afternoon, in the evening, and at the first watch of the night. Five times every day the eyes of the nations at Astracan, at Fez, at Delhi, are devoutly turned to the holy temple of Mecca."—Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, ch. ..

Eastern and Western products ; importers for their own behoof of provisions and corn. The government was a kind of irregular aristocratic republic, not without a touch of theocracy. Ten Men of a chief tribe, chosen in some rough way, were Governors of Mecca, and Keepers of the Caabah. The Koreish were the chief tribe in Mahomet's time ; his own family was of that tribe. The rest of the Nation, fractioned and cut asunder by deserts, lived under similar rude patriarchal governments by one or several : herdsmen, carriers, traders, generally robbers too ; being oftenest at war, one with another, or with all : held together by no open bond, if it were not this meeting at the Caabah, where all forms of Arab Idolatry assembled in common adoration ;—held mainly by the *inward* indissoluble bond of a common blood and language. In this way had the Arabs lived for long ages, unnoticed by the world ; a people of great qualities, unconsciously waiting for the day when they should become notable to all the world. Their Idolatries appear to have been in a tottering state ; much was getting into confusion and fermentation among them. Obscure tidings of the most important Event ever transacted in this world, the Life and Death of the Divine Man in Judea, at once the symptom and cause of immeasurable change to all people in the world, had in the course of centuries reached into Arabia too ; and could not but, of itself, have produced fermentation there.

It was among this Arab people, so circumstanced, in the year 570 of our Era, that the man Mahomet was born. He was of the family of Hashem, of the Koreish tribe as we said ; though poor, connected with the chief persons of his country. Almost at his birth he lost his Father ; at the age of six years his Mother too, a woman noted for her beauty, her worth and sense : he fell to the charge of his Grandfather, an old man, a hundred years old. A good old man : Mahomet's Father, Abdallah, had been his youngest favorite son. He saw in Mahomet, with his old life-worn eyes, a century old, the lost

Abdallah come back again, all that was left of Abdallah. He loved the little orphan Boy greatly ; used to say, They must take care of that beautiful little Boy, nothing in their kindred was more precious than he. At his death, while the boy was still but two years old, he left him in charge of Abu Thaleb, the eldest of the Uncles, as to him that was now head of the house. By this Uncle, a just and rational man as everything betokens, Mahomet was brought up in the best Arab way.

Mahomet, as he grew up, accompanied his Uncle on trading journeys and such like ; in his eighteenth year one finds him a fighter following his Uncle in war. But perhaps the most significant of all his journeys is one we find noted as of some years' earlier date : a journey to the Fairs of Syria. The young man here first came in contact with quite a foreign world,—with one foreign element of endless moment to him : the Christian Religion. I know not what to make of that "Sergius, the Nestorian Monk," whom Abu Thaleb and he are said to have lodged with ; or how much any monk could have taught one still so young. Probably enough it is greatly exaggerated, this of the Nestorian Monk. Mahomet was only fourteen ; had no language but his own : much in Syria must have been a strange, unintelligible whirlpool to him. But the eyes of the lad were open ; glimpses of many things would doubtless be taken in, and lie very enigmatic as yet, which were to ripen in a strange way into views, into beliefs and insights one day. These journeys to Syria were probably the beginning of much to Mahomet.

One other circumstance we must not forget : that he had no school-learning ; of the thing we call school-learning none at all. The art of writing was but just introduced into Arabia ; it seems to be the true opinion that Mahomet never could write ! Life in the Desert, with its experiences, was all his education. What of this infinite Universe he, from his dim place, with his own eyes and thoughts, could take in, so much and no more of it was he to know. Curious, if we will reflect on it, this of having no books. Except by what he could see for himself,

or hear of by uncertain rumor of speech in this obscure Arabian Desert, he could know nothing. The wisdom that had been before him or at a distance from him in the world, was in a manner as good as not there for him. Of the great brother souls, flame-beacons through so many lands and times, no one directly communicates with this great soul. He is alone there, deep down in the bosom of the Wilderness ; has to grow up so,—alone with Nature and his own Thoughts.

But, from an early age, he had been remarked as a thoughtful man. His companions named him "*Al Amin*, the Faithful." A man of truth and fidelity ; true in what he did, in what he spake and thought. They noted that *he* always meant something. A man rather taciturn in speech ; silent when there was nothing to be said ; but pertinent, wise, sincere, when he did speak : always throwing light on the matter. This is the only sort of speech *worth* speaking ! Through life we find him to have been regarded as an altogether solid, brotherly, genuine man. A serious, sincere character ; yet amiable, cordial, companionable, jocose even ;—a good laugh in him withal : there are men whose laugh is as untrue as anything about them ; who cannot laugh. One hears of Mahomet's beauty : his fine sagacious honest face, brown florid complexion, beaming black eyes ;—I somehow like, too, that vein on the brow, which swelled up black when he was in anger : like the "*horse-shoe vein*"²¹ in Scott's *Redgauntlet*. It was a kind of feature in the Hashem family, this black swelling vein in the brow ; Mahomet had it prominent, as would appear. A spontaneous, passionate, yet just, true-meaning man ! Full of wild faculty, fire, and light ; of wild worth, all uncultured ; working out his life-task in the depths of the Desert there.

21. "**Horse-shoe vein.**"—Edward Hugh Redgauntlet, the hero of Sir Walter Scott's "*Redgauntlet*," was a fanatical Jacobite. His nature was intense, and he was remarkable for a terrible hereditary contortion of the brow when angry, resembling a horse-shoe. "The furrows above his eyes became livid and almost black, and were bent into semicircular, or rather elliptical furrows, at the junction of the eyebrows." Cf. Scott's "*Redgauntlet*," ch. vi.

How he was placed with Kadijah, a rich Widow, as her Steward, and traveled in her business to the fairs of Syria ; how he managed all, as one can well understand, with fidelity, adroitness ; how her gratitude, her regard for him grew ; the story of their marriage is altogether a graceful, intelligible one, as told us by the Arab authors. He was twenty-five ; she forty, though still beautiful. He seems to have lived in a most affectionate, peaceable, wholesome way with this wedded benefactress ; loving her truly, and her alone. It goes greatly against the impostor theory, the fact that he lived in this entirely unexceptionable, entirely quiet and commonplace way, till the heat of his years was done. He was forty before he talked of any mission from Heaven. All his irregularities, real and supposed, date from after his fiftieth year, when the good Kadijah died. All his "ambition," seemingly, had been, hitherto, to live an honest life ; his "fame," the mere good opinion of neighbors that knew him, had been sufficient hitherto. Not till he was already getting old, the prurient heat of his life all burnt out, and *peace* growing to be the chief thing this world could give him, did he start on the "career of ambition ;" and, belying all his past character and existence, set up as a wretched empty charlatan to acquire what he could now no longer enjoy ! For my share, I have no faith whatever in that.

Ah, no: this deep-hearted Son of the Wilderness, with his beaming black eyes, and open, social, deep soul, had other thoughts in him than ambition. A silent, great soul ; he was one of those who cannot *but* be in earnest ; whom Nature herself has appointed to be sincere. While others walk in formulas and hearsays, contented enough to dwell there, this man could not screen himself in formulas ; he was alone with his own soul and the reality of things. The great Mystery of Existence, as I said, glared in upon him ; with its terrors, with its splendors ; no hearsays could hide that unspeakable fact, "Here am I !" Such *sincerity*, as we named it, has in very truth, something of divine. The word of such a man is a Voice direct from Nature's own Heart. Men do and must listen

to that as to nothing else—all else is wind in comparison. From of old, a thousand thoughts, in his pilgrimings and wanderings, had been in this man: What am I? What is this unfathomable Thing I live in, which men name Universe? What is Life; what is Death? What am I to believe? What am I to do? The grim rocks of Mount Hara,²² of Mount Sinai,* the stern, sandy solitudes answered not. The great Heaven rolling silent overhead with its blue glancing stars answered not. There was no answer. The man's own soul, and what of God's inspiration dwelt there, had to answer!

The great reality stands glaring there upon *him*. He there has to answer it, or perish miserably. Now, even now, or else through all Eternity never! Answer it; *thou* must find an answer. Ambition? What could all Arabia do for this man; with the crown of Greek Heraclius,²³ of Persian Chosroes,²⁴ and all crowns in the Earth—what could they all do for him? It was not of the Earth he wanted to hear tell; it was of the Heaven above and of the Hell beneath. All crowns and sovereignties whatsoever, where would *they* in a few brief years be? To be Sheik²⁵ of Mecca or Arabia, and have a bit of gilt wood put into your hand—will that be one's salvation? I decidedly think not. We will leave it altogether, this impostor-hypothesis, as not credible; not very tolerable, even, worthy chiefly of dismissal by us.

22. **Mount Hara**, or **Hira**, lies about three miles north of Mecca. The cave is about four yards long, and varies in breadth from one to three yards. Cf. Muir, ii. 55, notes.

* **Sinai**.—A mountain, or mountain range, in Arabia Petraea, in the peninsula formed by the two arms of the Red Sea, and rendered memorable as the spot where the law was given to Israel through Moses. Cf. Exod. xix., etc.; Judges v. 5; Gal. iv. 24, 25; Heb. xii. 18–29.

23. **Heraclius** (575–641).—Emperor of the East. He set out in 622 to oppose Chosroes II., King of Persia, and in six campaigns he showed himself a brave soldier and a great general, defeating Chosroes in person, and concluding an honorable peace with his successor in 627. After a triumph at Constantinople, he went to Jerusalem, and thenceforth became a theologian instead of soldier.

24. **Chosroes II.**—King of Persia, surnamed Perwis, or the Generous. In 622, King Heraclius made his first expedition against Chosroes, and recovered in a few years all which had been lost in the preceding years. In the great battle of Nineveh, in 627, Chosroes was totally defeated, took to flight, and was soon after murdered by his son.

25. **Sheik**.—Corresponds to presbyter or elder, a title of respect.

Mahomet had been wont to retire yearly, during the month Ramadhan,²⁶ into solitude and silence ; as indeed was the Arab custom ; a praiseworthy custom, which such a man, above all, would find natural and useful. Communing with his own heart, in the silence of the mountains ; himself silent ; open to the "small, still voices : " it was a right natural custom ! Mahomet was in his fortieth year, when, having withdrawn to a cavern in Mount Hara, near Mecca, during this Ramadhan, to pass the month in prayer, and meditation on those great questions, he one day told his wife Kadijah, who with his household was with him or near him this year, That by the unspeakable special favor of Heaven he had now found it all out ; was in doubt and darkness no longer, but saw it all. That all these Idols and Formulas were nothing, miserable bits of wood ; that there was One God in and over all ; and we must leave all Idols, and look to Him. That God is great ; and that there is nothing else great ! He is the Reality. Wooden Idols are not real ; He is real. He made us at first, sustains us yet ; we and all things are but the shadow of Him ; a transitory garment veiling the Eternal splendor. "*Alla hakbar*, God is great ;"—and then also "*Islam*,"²⁷ That we must *submit* to God. That our whole strength lies in resigned submission to Him, whatsoever He do to us. For this world and for the other ! The thing He sends to us, were it death and worse than death, shall be good, shall be best ; we resign ourselves to God. "If this be *Islam*," says Goethe,²⁸ "do we not all live in *Islam* ? " Yes,

26. **Ramadhan.**—The ninth month of the Mahometan year. During this month the faithful are to fast during the day, from dawn, when there is light enough to distinguish between a white and black thread, till sunset. Within the prescribed hours no food or water is to pass the lips ; and as the month is fixed according to the retrogressive seasons of the lunar years (each month retrogrades eleven days, according to the solar year), its occurrence during the heats of summer causes it to press with double rigor in the parched seasons of Africa, Arabia, and India.

"During the month of the Ramadhan, from the rising to the setting of the sun, the Mussulman abstains from eating, and drinking, and baths and perfumes ; from all nourishment that can restore his strength, from all pleasures that can gratify his senses."—Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, ch. i.

27. **Islam.**—The religion founded by Mahomet is called "*Islam*," a word meaning "the entire surrender of the will to God ;" its professors are called "Mussulmans"—"those who have surrendered themselves."

28. **Goethe (1749-1832).**—The most eminent poet of Germany, and the

all of us that have any moral life ; we all live so. It has ever been held the highest wisdom for a man not merely to submit to Necessity—Necessity will make him submit—but to know and believe well that the stern thing which Necessity had ordered was the wisest, the best, the thing wanted there. To cease his frantic pretension of scanning this great God's-World in his small fraction of a brain ; to know that it *had* verily, though deep beyond his soundings, a Just Law, that the soul of it was Good—that his part in it was to conform to the Law of the Whole, and in devout silence follow that ; not questioning it, obeying it as unquestionable.

I say, this is yet the only true morality known. A man is right and invincible, virtuous and on the road toward sure conquest, precisely while he joins himself to the great, deep Law of the World, in spite of all superficial laws, temporary appearances, profit-and-loss calculations ; he is victorious while he co-operates with that great central Law, not victorious otherwise—and surely his first chance of co-operating with it, or getting into the course of it, is to know with his whole soul that it *is* ; that it is good, and alone good ! This is the soul of Islam ; it is properly the soul of Christianity—for Islam is definable as a confused form of Christianity ; had Christianity not been, neither had it been. Christianity also commands us, before all, to be resigned to God. We are to take no counsel with flesh and blood ; give ear to no vain cavils, vain sorrows and wishes : to know that we know nothing ; that the worst and cruelest to our eyes is not what it seems ; that we have to receive whatsoever befalls us as sent from God above, and say, It is good and wise, God is great ! “ Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.”²⁹ Islam means in its way Denial of Self, Annihilation of Self. This is yet the highest Wisdom that Heaven has revealed to our Earth.

Such light had come, as it could, to illuminate the darkness

patriarch of German literature. “Faust” is his greatest poem, perhaps his greatest work.

29. “**Though he slay me,**” etc.—Cf. Job xiii. 15.

of this wild Arab soul. A confused, dazzling splendor as of life and Heaven, in the great darkness which threatened to be death : he called it revelation and the angel Gabriel—who of us yet can know what to call it ? It is the “inspiration of the Almighty” that giveth us understanding. To *know* ; to get into the truth of anything, is ever a mystic act—of which the best Logics can but babble on the surface. “Is not Belief the true god-announcing Miracle ?” says Novalis.³⁰ That Mahomet’s whole soul, set in flame with this grand Truth vouchsafed him, should feel as if it were important, and the only important thing, was very natural. That Providence had unspeakably honored *him* by revealing it, saving him from death and darkness ; that he therefore was bound to make known the same to all creatures : this is what was meant by “Mahomet is the Prophet of God ;” this, too, is not without its true meaning.

The good Kadijah, we can fancy, listened to him with wonder, with doubt : at length she answered : Yes, it was *true*, this that he said. One can fancy, too, the boundless gratitude of Mahomet ; and how of all the kindnesses she had done him, this of believing the earnest, struggling word he now spoke was the greatest. “It is certain,” says Novalis, “my Conviction gains infinitely, the moment another soul will believe in it.” It is a boundless favor. He never forgot this good Kadijah. Long afterwards, Ayesha, his young favorite wife, a woman who indeed distinguished herself among the Moslem, by all manner of qualities, through her whole long life ; this young, brilliant Ayesha was, one day, questioning him ; “Now am not I better than Kadijah ? She was a widow ; old, and had lost her looks : you love me better than you did her ?” “No, by Allah !” answered Mahomet : “No, by Allah ! She believed in me when none else would believe. In the whole world I had but one friend, and she was that !” Seid, his Slave, also believed in him ; these, with his young Cousin Ali, Abu Thaleb’s son, were his first converts.

30. **Novalis**.—Literary pseudonym of Friedrich Hardenberg (1772-1801), a German writer. Cf. Carlyle’s *Essays*.

He spoke of his Doctrine to this man and that ; but the most treated it with ridicule, with indifference : in three years, I think, he had gained but thirteen followers. His progress was slow enough. His encouragement to go on was altogether the usual encouragement that such a man in such a case meets. After some three years of small success, he invited forty of his chief kindred to an entertainment ; and there stood up and told them what his pretension was : that he had this thing to promulgate abroad to all men ; that it was the highest thing, the one thing : which of them would second him in that ? Amid the doubt and silence of all, young Ali, as yet a lad of sixteen, impatient of the silence, started up, and exclaimed in passionate, fierce language, That he would ! The assembly, among whom was Abu Thaleb, Ali's Father, could not be unfriendly to Mahomet ; yet the sight there of one unlettered elderly man, with a lad of sixteen, deciding on such an enterprise against all mankind, appeared ridiculous to them ; the assembly broke up in laughter. Nevertheless it proved not a laughable thing ; it was a very serious thing ! As for this young Ali, one cannot but like him. A noble-minded creature, as he shows himself, now and always afterward ; full of affection, of fiery daring. Something chivalrous in him ; brave as a lion ; yet with a grace, a truth and affection worthy of Christian knighthood. He died by assassination in the Mosque at Bagdad ;³¹ a death occasioned by his own generous fairness, confidence in the fairness of others : he said, if the wound proved not unto death, they must pardon the Assassin ; but if it did, then they must slay him straightway, that so they too in the same hour might appear before God, and see which side of that quarrel was the just one !

Mahomet naturally gave offence to the Koreish, Keepers of the Caabah, superintendents of the Idols. One or two men of influence had joined him : the thing spread slowly, but it was

31. **Bagdad.**—A famous city of Asiatic Turkey, for many years the chief seat of Moslem power in Asia, is situated on the river Tigris, sixty-eight miles north of the ruins of Babylon.

spreading. Naturally he gave offence to everybody : Who is this that pretends to be wiser than we all : that rebukes us all, as mere fools and worshippers of wood ? Abu Thaleb, the good Uncle, spoke with him : Could he not be silent about all that ; believe it all for himself, and not trouble others, anger the chief men, endanger himself and them all, talking of it ? Mahomet answered : If the Sun stood on his right hand and the Moon on his left, ordering him to hold his peace, he could not obey ! No : there was something in this Truth he had got which was of Nature herself ; equal in rank to Sun, or Moon, or whatsoever thing Nature had made. It would speak itself there, so long as the Almighty allowed it, in spite of Sun and Moon, and all Koreish and all men and things. It must do that, and could do no other. Mahomet answered so ; and, they say, burst into tears : he felt that Abu Thaleb was good to him ; that the task he had got was no soft, but a stern and great one.

He went on speaking to who would listen to him ; publishing his Doctrine among the pilgrims as they came to Mecca ; gaining adherents in this place and that. Continual contradiction, hatred, open or secret danger attended him. His powerful relations protected Mahomet himself ; but by and by, on his own advice, all his adherents had to quit Mecca, and seek refuge in Abyssinia over the sea. The Koreish grew ever angrier ; laid plots, and swore oaths among them, to put Mahomet to death with their own hands. Abu Thaleb was dead, the good Kadijah was dead. Mahomet is not solicitous of sympathy from us ; but his outlook at this time was one of the dimmallest. He had to hide in caverns, escape in disguise ; fly hither and thither ; homeless, in continual peril of his life. More than once it seemed all over with him ; more than once it turned on a straw, some rider's horse taking fright or the like, whether Mahomet and his Doctrine had not ended there, and not been heard of at all. But it was not to end so.

0 In the thirteenth year of his mission, finding his enemies all banded against him, forty sworn men, one out of every tribe waiting to take his life, and no continuance possible at Mecca

for him any longer, Mahomet fled to the place then called Yathreb, where he had gained some adherents ; the place they now call Medina,³² or "*Medinat al Nabim*, the City of the Prophet," from that circumstance. It lay some 200 miles off, through rocks and deserts ; not without great difficulty, in such mood as we may fancy, he escaped thither, and found welcome. The whole East dates its era from this Flight, *Hegira*,³³ as they name it : the Year 1 of this Hegira is 622 of our Era, the fifty-third of Mahomet's life. He was now becoming an old man ; his friends sinking round him one by one ; his path desolate, encompassed with danger : unless he could find hope in his own heart, the outward face of things was but hopeless for him. It is so with all men in the like case. Hitherto Mahomet had professed to publish his Religion by the way of preaching and persuasion alone. But now, driven foully out of his native country, since unjust men had not only given no ear to his earnest Heaven's message, the deep cry of his heart, but would not even let him live if he kept speaking it—the wild Son of the Desert resolved to defend himself, like a man and Arab. If the Koreish will have it so, they shall have it. Tidings, felt to be of infinite moment to them and all men, they would not listen to these ; would trample them down by sheer violence, steel and murder : well, let steel try it, then ! Ten years more this Mahomet had ; all of fighting, of breathless, impetuous toil and struggle ; with what result we know.

Much has been said of Mahomet's propagating his Religion by the sword. It is no doubt far nobler what we have to boast of the Christian Religion, that it propagated itself peaceably in the way of preaching and conviction. Yet withal, if we take this for an argument of the truth or falsehood of a religion, there is a radical mistake in it. The sword indeed : but

32. *Medina*.—Situated in Western Arabia, one hundred miles from its port of Yembo, on the Red Sea, and two hundred and sixty miles north from Mecca. Once known as Yathreb.

33. *Hegira*.—Instituted by Omer, the second Caliph, in imitation of the era of the Christian martyrs, and properly began eighty-eight days before the flight of Mahomet, which coincides with Friday, July 16, A. D. 622.

where will you get your sword ! Every new opinion, at its starting, is precisely in a *minority of one*. In one man's head alone, there it dwells as yet. One man alone of the whole world believes it ; there is one man against all men. That *he* take a sword, and try to propagate with that, will do little for him. You must first get your sword ! On the whole, a thing will propagate itself as it can. We do not find, of the Christian Religion either, that it always disdained the sword, when once it had got one. Charlemagne's³⁴ conversion of the Saxons was not by preaching. I care little about the sword : I will allow a thing to struggle for itself in this world, with any sword or tongue or implement it has, or can lay hold of. We will let it preach, and pamphleteer, and fight, and to the uttermost bestir itself, and do, beak and claws, whatsoever is in it ; very sure that it will, in the long run, conquer nothing that does not deserve to be conquered. What is better than itself, it cannot put away, but only what is worse. In this great Duel, Nature herself is umpire, and can do no wrong : the thing which is deepest-rooted in Nature, what we call *truest*, that thing, and not the other, will be found growing at last.

It was during these wild warfarings and strugglings, especially after the Flight to Mecca, that Mahomet dictated at intervals his Sacred Book, which they name *Koran*,³⁵ or *Reading*,

34. **Charlemagne**, or **Charles the Great**.—King of the Franks, and Emperor of the West, was the eldest son of Pepin the Short, and grandson of Charles Martel, and born in 742. In 800, Charlemagne was crowned at Rome Emperor of the West, by Pope Leo III., and received the title of Augustus. His empire extended from the North Sea to the Mediterranean, and from the Atlantic and the Ebro, in Spain, to the mouth of the Oder. He was not only great as a conqueror, but as a legislator and a promoter of science and literature.

35. **Koran**.—Or the Mohammedan Bible, is composed of the various fragments of the revelations alleged to have been made to the Prophet from time to time as circumstances made them needful. They were for a time presented orally, or written on palm-leaves, but were collected two years after the death of Mahomet by his friend and successor, Abnbeker. The collection was revised by Caliph Othman, in the thirtieth year of the Hegira (A. D. 652). The English translation by Sale is well known. The Koran consists of one hundred and fourteen chapters or Suras, which vary much in length, some containing only a few lines, whilst the longest has two hundred and eighty-six verses. The word Koran (Qurân) is derived from the Arabic, *Quarâa*, to read, and means "the reading," or "what ought to be read." It has a variety of other names, "Al Katab," the book ; "Al Moshaf," the volume, etc.

"Thing to be read." This is the Work, he and his disciples made so much of, asking all the world, Is not that a miracle? The Mahometans regard their Koran with a reverence which few Christians pay even to their Bible. It is admitted everywhere as the standard of all law and all practice; the thing to be gone upon in speculation and life: the message sent direct out of Heaven, which this Earth has to conform to, and walk by; the thing to be read. Their Judges decide by it; all Moslems are bound to study it, seek in it for the light of their life. They have mosques where it is all read daily; thirty relays of priests take it up in succession, get through the whole each day. There, for twelve hundred years, has the voice of this Book, at all moments, kept sounding through the ears and the hearts of so many men. We hear of Mahometan Doctors that had read it seventy thousand times!

Very curious: if one sought for "discrepancies of national taste," here surely were the most eminent instance of that! We also can read the Koran; our Translation of it, by Sale,³⁶ is known to be a very fair one? I must say, it is as toilsome reading as I ever undertook. A wearisome confused jumble, crude, incondite; endless iterations, longwindedness, entanglement; most crude, incondite;—insupportable stupidity, in short! Nothing but a sense of duty could carry any European through the Koran. We read in it, as we might in the State-Paper Office, unreadable masses of lumber, that perhaps we may get some glimpses of a remarkable man. It is true we have it under disadvantages: the Arabs see more method in it than we. Mahomet's followers found the Koran lying all in fractions, as it had been written down at first promulgation; much of it, they say, on the shoulder-blades of mutton, flung pellmell into a chest: and they published it, without any discoverable order as to time or otherwise;—merely trying, as would seem, and this not very strictly, to put the longest

36. **George Sale** (1680-1736).—An English writer, well versed in Oriental languages. His greatest work is an excellent translation of the Koran.

chapters first.³⁷ The real beginning of it, in that way, lies almost at the end : for the earliest portions were the shortest. Read in its historical sequence it perhaps would not be so bad. Much of it too, they say, is rhythmic ; a kind of wild, chaunting song, in the original. This may be a great point ; much perhaps has been lost in the Translation here. Yet with every allowance, one feels it difficult to see how any mortal ever could consider this Koran as a Book written in Heaven, too good for the Earth ; as a well-written book, or indeed as a *book* at all ; and not a bewildered rhapsody ; *written*, so far as writing goes, as badly as almost any book ever was ! So much for national discrepancies, and the standard of taste.

Yet I should say, it was not unintelligible how the Arabs might so love it.³⁸ When once you get this confused coil of a Koran fairly off your hands, and have it behind you at a distance, the essential type of it begins to disclose itself ; and in this there is a merit quite other than the literary one. If a book come from the heart, it will contrive to reach other hearts ; all art and authorcraft are of small amount to that. One would say the primary character of the Koran is this of its *genuineness*, of its being a *bona-fide* book. Prideaux,³⁹ I know, and others have represented it as a mere bundle of juggleries ; chapter after chapter got up to excuse and varnish the author's successive sins, forward his ambitions and quackeries : but really it is time to dismiss all that. I do not assert Mahomet's continual sincerity : who is continually sincere ? But I confess I can make nothing of the critic, in these times, who would

37. "The fragments of the Koran were produced at the discretion of Mahomet ; each revelation is suited to the emergencies of his policy or passion ; and all contradiction is removed by the saving maxim, that any text of scripture is abrogated or modified by any subsequent passage. The word of God and of the Apostle was diligently recorded by his disciples on palm leaves and the shoulder-blades of mutton ; and the pages without order or connection were cast into a domestic chest in the custody of one of his wives."—Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, ch. i.

38. "This argument (of the Koran) is most powerfully addressed to a devout Arabian, whose mind is attuned to faith and rapture, whose ear is delighted by the musical sounds, and whose ignorance is incapable of composing the productions of human genius."—Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, ch. i.

39. **Humphrey Prideaux** (1648-1724).—A learned English divine. He wrote a life of Mahomet.

accuse him of deceit *prepenſe*;⁴⁰ of conscious deceit generally, or perhaps at all ;—still more, of living in a mere element of conscious deceit, and writing this Koran as a forger and juggler would have done ! Every candid eye, I think, will read the Koran far otherwise than so. It is the confused ferment of a great rude human soul ; rude, untutored, that cannot even read ; but fervent, earnest, struggling vehemently to utter itself in words. With a kind of breathless intensity he strives to utter himself ; the thoughts crowd on him pellmell ; for very multitude of things to say he can get nothing said. The meaning that is in him shapes itself into no form of composition, is stated in no sequence, method, or coherence ;—they are not *shaped* at all, these thoughts of his ; flung out unshaped, as they struggle and tumble there, in their chaotic inarticulate state. We said “stupid” : yet natural stupidity is by no means the character of Mahomet’s Book ; it is natural uncultivation rather. The man has not studied speaking ; in the haste and pressure of continual fighting, has not time to mature himself into fit speech. The panting, breathless haste and vehemence of a man struggling in the thick of battle for life and salvation ; this is the mood he is in ! A headlong haste ; for very magnitude of meaning he cannot get himself articulated into words. The successive utterances of a soul in that mood, colored by various vicissitudes of three-and-twenty years ; now well uttered, now worse : this is the Koran.

For we are to consider Mahomet, through these three-and-twenty years, as the centre of a world wholly in conflict. Battles with the Koreish and Heathen, quarrels among his own people, backslidings of his own wild heart ; all this kept him in a perpetual whirl, his soul knowing rest no more. In wakeful nights, as one may fancy, the wild soul of the man, tossing amid these vortices, would hail any light of a decision for them as a veritable light from Heaven ; *any* making up of his mind, so blessed, indispensable for them there, would seem the

40. *Prepenſe*.—[Lat. *præ*, before, and *pendere*, *penſum*, to weigh, consider.] Premeditated ; aforethought.

inspiration of a Gabriel. Forger and juggler? No, no! This great fiery heart, seething, simmering like a great furnace of thoughts, was not a juggler's. His Life was a Fact to him; this God's Universe an awful Fact and Reality. He has faults enough. The man was an uncultured semi-barbarous Son of Nature, much of the Bedouin still clinging to him: we must take him for that. But for a wretched Simulacrum, a hungry Impostor without eyes or heart, practicing for a mess of pottage such blasphemous swindlery, forgery of celestial documents, continual high-treason against his Maker and Self, we will not and cannot take him.

Sincerity, in all senses, seems to me the merit of the Koran; what had rendered it precious to the wild Arab men. It is, after all, the first and last merit in a book; gives rise to merits of all kinds,—nay, at bottom, it alone can give rise to merit of any kind. Curiously, through these incondite masses of tradition, vituperation, complaint, ejaculation in the Koran, a vein of true direct insight, of what we might almost call poetry, is found straggling. The body of the Book is made up of mere tradition, and as it were vehement enthusiastic extempore preaching. He returns forever to the old stories of the Prophets as they went current in the Arab memory: how Prophet after Prophet, the Prophet Abraham, the Prophet Hud, the Prophet Moses, Christian and other real and fabulous Prophets, had come to this Tribe and to that warning men of their sin; and been received by them even as he Mahomet was,—which is a great solace to him. These things he repeats ten, perhaps twenty times; again and ever again, with wearisome iteration; has never done repeating them. A brave Samuel Johnson,⁴¹ in his forlorn garret, might con over the Biographies of Authors in that way! This is the great staple of the Koran. But curiously, through all this, comes ever and anon some glance as of the real thinker and seer. He has actually an eye for the world this Mahomet: with a certain directness and rugged vigor, he

41. **Samuel Johnson** (1709-1784).—The celebrated English lexicographer and one of the most distinguished writers of the eighteenth century.

brings home still, to our heart, the thing his own heart has been opened to. I make but little of his praises of Allah, which many praise; they are borrowed I suppose mainly from the Hebrew, at least they are far surpassed there. But the eye that flashes direct into the heart of things, and *sees* the truth of them; this is to me a highly interesting object. Great Nature's own gift; which she bestows on all; but which only one in the thousand does not cast sorrowfully away: it is what I call sincerity of vision; the test of a sincere heart. Mahomet can work no miracles;⁴² he often answers impatiently: I can work no miracles. I? "I am a Public Preacher;" appointed to preach this doctrine to all creatures.

Miracles? cries he. What miracle would you have? Are not you yourselves there? God made *you*, "shaped you out of a little clay. You were small once; a few years ago ye were not at all. Ye have beauty, strength, thoughts, 'ye have compassion on one another.' Old age comes on you, and gray hairs; your strength fades into feebleness; ye sink down, and again are not."

To his eyes it is for ever clear that this world wholly is miraculous. He sees what, as we said once before, all great thinkers, the rude Scandinavians themselves, in one way or other, have contrived to see: That this solid-looking material world is, at bottom, in very deed, Nothing; is a visual and tactual Manifestation of God's power and presence,—a shadow hung out by Him on the bosom of the void Infinite; nothing more. The mountains, he says, these great rock-mountains, they shall dissipate themselves "like clouds;" melt into the Blue as clouds do, and not be! He figures the earth, in the Arab fashion, Sale tells us, as an immense Plain or flat Plate

42. "The votaries of Mahomet are more assured than himself of his miraculous gifts. They believe or affirm that trees went forth to meet him; that he was saluted by stones; that water gushed from his fingers; that he fed the hungry, cured the sick, and raised the dead; that a camel complained to him; that a shoulder of mutton informed him of its being poisoned; and that he successively ascended the seven heavens, and received and repaid the salutations of the patriarchs, the prophets, and the angels, in their respective mansions."—Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, ch. i.

of ground, the mountains are set on that to *steady* it. At the Last Day, they shall disappear "like clouds;" the whole Earth shall go spinning, whirl itself off into wreck, and as dust and vapor vanish in the Inane. Allah withdraws his hand from it, and it ceases to be. The universal empire of Allah, presence everywhere of an unspeakable Power, a Splendor and a Terror not to be named, as the true force, essence and reality, in all things whatsoever, was continually clear to this man.

Much has been said and written about the sensuality of Mahomet's Religion; more than was just. The indulgences, criminal to us, which he permitted, were not of his appointment; he found them practised, unquestioned from immemorial time in Arabia; what he did was to curtail them, restrict them, not on one but on many sides. His Religion is not an easy one; with rigorous fasts, lavations, strict complex formulas, prayers five times a day, and abstinence from wine, it did not "succeed by being an easy religion." As if indeed any religion, or cause holding of religion, could succeed by that! It is a calumny on men to say that they are roused to heroic action by ease, hope of pleasure, recompense,—sugar-plums of any kind, in this world or the next! In the meanest mortal there lies something nobler. The poor swearing soldier, hired to be shot, has his "honor of a soldier," different from drill regulations and the shilling a day. It is not to taste sweet things, but to do noble and true things, and vindicate himself under God's Heaven as a god-made Man, that the poorest son of Adam dimly longs. Show him the way of doing that, the dullest daydrudge kindles into a hero. They wrong man greatly who say he is to be seduced by ease. Difficulty, abnegation, martyrdom, death, are the *allurements* that act on the heart of man. Kindle the inner genial life of him, you have a flame that burns up all lower considerations. Not happiness, but something higher: one sees this even in the frivolous classes, with their "point of honor" and the like. Not by flattering our appetites; no, by awakening the Heroic that slumbers in every heart, can any Religion gain followers.

Mahomet himself, after all that can be said about him, was not a sensual man. We shall err widely if we consider this man as a common voluptuary, intent mainly on base enjoyments,—nay on enjoyments of any kind. His household was of the frugalest ; his common diet barley-bread and water : sometimes for months there was not a fire once lighted on his hearth. They record with just pride that he would mend his own shoes, patch his own cloak. A poor, hard-toiling, ill-provided man ; careless of what vulgar men toil for. Not a bad man, I should say ; something better in him than *hunger* of any sort,—or these wild Arab men, fighting and jostling three-and-twenty years at his hand, in close contact with him always, would not have revered him so ! They were wild men, bursting ever and anon into quarrel, into all kinds of fierce sincerity ; without right worth and manhood, no man could have commanded them. They called him Prophet, you say ? Why, he stood there face to face with them ; bare, not enshrined in any mystery ; visibly clouting⁴³ his own cloak, cobbling his own shoes ; fighting, counselling, ordering in the midst of them : they must have seen what kind of man he *was*, let him be *called* what you like ! No emperor with his tiaras⁴⁴ was obeyed as this man in a cloak of his own clouting. During three-and-twenty years of rough actual trial. I find something of a veritable Hero necessary for that, of itself.

His last words are a prayer ; broken ejaculations of a heart struggling up, in trembling hope, toward its Maker. We cannot say that his religion made him *worse* ; it made him better ; good, not bad. Generous things are recorded of him ; when he lost his Daughter, the thing he answers is, in his own dialect, every way sincere, and yet equivalent to that of Christians, "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away ; blessed be the name of the

43. **Clouting.**—(Sax. *clut*, a patch) to patch ; to mend by sewing on a piece or patch ; as, *clouted shoon*, (old plural of *shoe*) in Milton.

44. **Tiaras.**—The tiara is the mitre of the popes. At first it was a round tall cap, differing from the double mitre of the bishops in being single. The first golden circlet was adopted about the year 860, by Nicholas I., as the symbol of civil power. The second was added by Boniface, about 1300, and the third by Urban V., about 1365.

Lord.”⁴⁵ He answered in like manner of Seid, his emancipated well-beloved Slave, the second of the believers. Seid had fallen in the War of Tabûc, the first of Mahomet’s fightings with the Greeks. Mahomet said, It was well ; Seid had done his Master’s work, Seid had now gone to his Master : it was all well with Seid. Yet Seid’s daughter found him weeping over the body—the old, gray-haired man melting in tears ! “What do I see ?” said she. “You see a friend weeping over his friend.” He went out for the last time into the mosque, two days before his death ; asked, If he had injured any man ? Let his own back bear the stripes. If he owed any man ? A voice answered, “Yes, me three drachms,” borrowed on such an occasion. Mahomet ordered them to be paid : “Better be in shame now,” said he, “than at the Day of Judgment.” You remember Kadijah, and the “No, by Allah !” Traits of that kind show us the genuine man, the brother of us all, brought visible through twelve centuries—the veritable Son of our common Mother.

Withal, I like Mahomet for his total freedom from cant. He is a rough, self-helping son of the wilderness ; does not pretend to be what he is not. There is no ostentatious pride in him ; but neither does he go much upon humility : he is there as he can be, in cloak and shoes of his own clouting ; speaks plainly to all manner of Persian Kings, Greek Emperors, what it is they are bound to do ; knows well enough, about himself, “the respect due unto thee.” In a life-and-death war with Bedouins, cruel things could not fail ; but neither are acts of mercy, of noble, natural pity and generosity wanting. Mahomet makes no apology for the one, no boast of the other. They were each the free dictate of his heart ; each called for, there and then. No *Dilettantism*⁴⁶ in this Mahomet ; it is a business of Reprobation and Salvation with him, of Time and Eternity : he is in deadly earnest about it ! Dilettantism, hy-

45. “The Lord giveth,” etc.—Cf. Job i. 21.

46. *Dilettanteism*.—The word is Italian, and means *lover* (of fine arts) ; it has now become a term of contempt for one who dabbles in the fine arts, or who dallies idly with any pursuit he takes up.

pothesis, speculation, a kind of amateur-search for Truth, toying and coquetting with Truth : this is the sorest sin. The root of all other imaginable sins. It consists in the heart and soul of the man never having been *open* to Truth—"living in a vain show." Such a man not only utters and produces falsehoods, but *is* himself a falsehood. The rational moral principle, spark of the Divinity, is sunk deep in him, in quiet paralysis of life-death. The very falsehoods of Mahomet are truer than the truths of such a man. He is the insincere man : smooth-polished, respectable in some times and places ; inoffensive, says nothing harsh to anybody ; most *cleanly*—just as carbonic acid is, which is death and poison.

✓ We will not praise Mahomet's moral precepts as always of the superfinest sort ; yet it can be said that there is always a tendency to good in them ; that they are the true dictates of a heart aiming towards what is just and true. The sublime forgiveness of Christianity, turning of the other cheek when the one has been smitten, is not here ; you *are* to revenge yourself, but it is to be in measure, not over much, or beyond justice. On the other hand, Islam, like any great Faith, and insight into the essence of man, is a perfect equalizer of men : the soul of one believer outweighs all earthly kingships : all men according to Islam too, are equal. Mahomet insists not on the propriety of giving alms, but on the necessity of it : he marks down by law how much you are to give, and it is at your peril if you neglect. The tenth part of a man's annual income, whatever that may be, is the *property* of the poor, of those that are afflicted and need help. Good all this : the natural voice of humanity, of pity and equity dwelling in the heart of this wild Son of Nature speaks so.

Mahomet's Paradise is sensual, his Hell sensual : true ; in the one and the other there is enough that shocks all spiritual feeling in us. But we are to recollect that the Arabs already had it so ; that Mahomet in whatever he changed of it, softened and diminished all this. The worst sensualities, too, are the work of doctors, followers of his, not his work. In the Koran

there is really very little said about the joys of Paradise; they are intimated rather than insisted on. Nor is it forgotten that the highest joys, even there shall be spiritual; the pure Presence of the Highest, this shall infinitely transcend all other joys. He says "Your salutation shall be, Peace." *Salam*, Have Peace!—the thing that all rational souls long for, and seek, vainly here below as the one blessing. "Ye shall sit on seats facing one another: all grudges shall be taken away out of your hearts." All grudges! Ye shall love one another freely; for each of you, in the eyes of his brothers, there will be Heaven enough!

In reference to this of the sensual Paradise and Mahomet's sensuality, the sorest chapter of all for us, there were many things to be said; which it is not convenient to enter upon here. Two remarks only I shall make, and therewith leave it to your candor. The first is furnished me by Goethe; it is a casual hint of his which seems well worth taking note of. In one of his *Delineations*, in *Meister's Travels*⁴⁷ it is, the hero comes upon a Society of men with very strange ways, one of which was this: "We require," says the Master, "that each of our people shall restrict himself in one direction," shall go right against his desire in one matter, and *make* himself do the thing he does not wish, "should we allow him the greater latitude on all other sides." There seems to me a great justness in this. Enjoying things which are pleasant; that is not the evil: it is the reducing of our moral self to slavery by them that is. Let a man assert withal that he is king over his habitudes; that he could and would shake them off, on cause shewn: this is an excellent law. The Month Ramadhan for the Moslem, much in Mahomet's Religion, much in his own Life, bears in that direction; if not by forethought, or clear purpose of moral improvement on his part, then by a sudden healthy manful instinct which is as good.

47. "**Wilhelm Meister's Travels.**"—The greatest prose work of Goethe. It is well-known through Carlyle's admirable translation. In this work is found the famous criticism of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*.

But there is another thing to be said about the Mahometan Heaven and Hell. This namely, that, however gross and material they may be, they are an emblem of an everlasting truth, not always so well remembered elsewhere. That gross sensual Paradise of his; that horrible flaming Hell; the great enormous Day of Judgment he perpetually insists on: what is all this but a rude shadow, in the rude Bedouin imagination of that grand spiritual Fact and Beginning of Facts, which it is ill for us too if we do not all know and feel: the Infinite Nature of Duty? That man's actions here are of *infinite* moment to him, and never die or end at all; that man with his little life, reaches upwards high as Heaven, downwards low as Hell, and in his threescore years of Time holds an Eternity fearfully and wonderfully hidden: all this had burnt itself, as in flame-characters, into the wild Arab soul. As in flame and lightning, it stands written there; awful, unspeakable, ever present to him. With bursting earnestness, with a fierce savage sincerity, half-articulating, not able to articulate, he strives to speak it, bodies it forth in that Heaven and that Hell. Bodied forth in what way you will, it is the first of all truths. It is venerable under all embodiments. What is chief end of man here below? Mahomet has answered this question, in a way that might put some of us to shame! He does not, like a Bentham,⁴⁸ a Paley,⁴⁹ take Right and Wrong, and calculate the profit and loss, ultimate pleasure of the one and of the other; and summing all up by addition and subtraction into a net result, ask you, Whether on the whole the Right does not preponderate considerably? No; it is not *better* to do the one than the other; the one is to the other as life is to death,—as Heaven is to Hell. The one must in nowise be done, the other in nowise left undone. You shall not measure them; they are incommensurable: the one is death eternal to a man, the other is life eternal.

48. **Jeremy Bentham** (1748-1832).—An eminent English jurist, and author of many learned works on philosophy and political economy.

49. **William Paley** (1743-1805).—A celebrated divine of the English Church. He wrote many theological works, notably a book on "Natural Theology."

Benthamite Utility, virtue by Profit and Loss ; reducing this God's-world to a dead brute Steam-engine, the infinite celestial Soul of Man to a kind of Hay-balance for weighing hay and thistles on, pleasures and pains on. If you ask me which gives, Mahomet or they, the beggarlier and falser view of Man and his Destinies in this Universe, I will answer, It is not Mahomet !

On the whole, we will repeat that this Religion of Mahomet's is a kind of Christianity ; has a genuine element of what is spiritually highest looking through it, not to be hidden by all its imperfections. The Scandinavian God *Wish* " the god of all rude men—this has been enlarged into a Heaven by Mahomet ; but a Heaven symbolical of sacred Duty, and to be earned by faith and well-doing, by valiant action, and a divine patience which is still more valiant. It is Scandinavian Paganism, and a truly celestial element superadded to that. Call it not false ; look not at the falsehood of it, look at the truth of it. For these twelve centuries, it has been the religion and life-guidance of the fifth part of the whole kindred of Mankind. Above all things, it has been a religion heartily *believed*. These Arabs believe their religion, and try to live by it ! No Christians, since the early ages, or only perhaps the English Puritans ⁵¹ in modern times, have ever stood by their faith as the Moslem do by theirs—believing it wholly, fronting Time with it, and Eternity with it. This night the watchman on the streets of Cairo, when he cries " Who goes ? " will hear from the passenger, along with his answer, " There is no God but God." *Allah akbar, Islam*, sounds through the souls, and whole daily existence, of these dusky millions. Zealous missionaries

50. **Wish.**—Odin, the chief god of Northern mythology, the god of war and battles, as the giver of victory, the greatest of all blessings in Teutonic eyes, was necessarily the giver of all other good things, like the Hermes of the Greeks. As such, he was Oski, Oskl, the god Wish or Will, the Wish-God (Wunsh), to whom the poets of the thirteenth century assigned eyes, hands, blood and all the appetites and passions of humanity.

51. **Puritans.**—The name first given about the year 1564, to those clergymen of the Church of England who refused to conform to its liturgy, ceremonies and discipline as arranged by the archbishop and his coadjutors. Cf. Neal's "History of the Puritans," and Macaulay's famous description of the Puritans, in his "History of England."

preach it abroad among Malays, black Papuans, brutal Idolaters—displacing what is worse, nothing that is better or good.

To the Arab Nation it was as a birth from darkness into light ; Arabia first became alive by means of it. A poor shepherd people, roaming unnoticed in its deserts since the creation of the world : a Hero Prophet was sent down to them with a word they could believe : see the unnoticed becomes world-notable, the small has grown world-great ; within one century afterward, Arabia is at Grenada on this hand, at Delhi on that—glancing in valor and splendor and the light of genius, Arabia shines through long ages over a great section of the world. Belief is great, life-giving. The history of a nation becomes fruitful, soul-elevating, great, so soon as it believes. These Arabs, the man Mahomet, and that one century—is it not as if a spark had fallen, one spark, on a world of what seemed black, unnoticeable sand ; but lo, the sand proves explosive powder, blazes heaven-high from Delhi to Grenada ! I said the Great Man was always as lightning out of Heaven ; the rest of men waited for him like fuel, and then they too would flame.

Review Analysis.

CARLYLE'S "HEROES AND HERO WORSHIP."

Lecture II : *The Hero as Prophet ; Mahomet ; Islam.*

1. *Introduction* :—The Hero no longer regarded as a God, but as one God-inspired. All Heroes primarily of the same stuff ; differing according to their reception. The welcome of its Heroes, the truest test of an epoch. Odin : Burns.

2. *Mahomet a true Prophet* :—Not a scheming Impostor. A Great Man, and therefore first of all a sincere man : No man to be judged merely by his faults. David the Hebrew King. Of all acts for man *repentance* the most divine : The deadliest sin, a supercilious consciousness of none.

3. *Arabia and the Arabs* :—Arabia described. The Arabs always a gifted people ; of wild strong feelings, and of iron restraint over these. Their Religiosity : Their Star-worship : Their Prophets and inspired men ; from Job downwards. Their Holy Places. Mecca, its site, history, and government.

4. *"The Prophet of God"* :—His youth : His fond Grandfather. Had no book-learning : Travels to the Syrian Fairs ; and first comes in contact with the Christian Religion. An altogether solid, brotherly, genuine man : A good laugh, and a good flash of anger in him withal. Marries Kadijah. Begins his Prophet-career at forty years of age. *Allah Akbah* ; God is great : *Islam* ; we must *submit* to God. Do we not all live in Islam ? Mahomet, "The Prophet of God." The good Kadijah believes in him : Mahomet's gratitude. His slow progress : Among forty of his kindred, young Ali alone joined him. His good Uncle expostulates with him : Mahomet, bursting into tears, persists in his mission.

5. *The Hagira*.:—Propagating by the sword : First get your sword : A thing will propagate itself as it can. Nature a just umpire. Mahomet's Creed unspeakably better than the wooden idolatries and jangling Syrian Sects extirpated by it.

6. *The Koran*.:—The Koran, the universal standard of Mahometan life : An imperfectly, badly-written, but genuine book : Enthusiastic extempore preaching, amid the hot haste of wrestling with flesh-and-blood and spiritual enemies. Its direct poetic insight. The World, Man, human Compassion ; all wholly miraculous to Mahomet. His religion did not succeed by "being easy ;" None can. The ~~sensual~~ part of it not of Mahomet's making.

7. *Mahomet and his Religion*.:—He himself, frugal ; patched his own clothes ; proved a hero in a rough actual trial of twenty-three years. Traits of his generosity and resignation. His total freedom from cant. His moral precepts not always of the superfinest sort ; yet is there always a tendency to good in them. His Heaven and Hell ~~sensual~~, yet not altogether so. Infinite Nature of Duty. The evil of sensuality, in the *slavery* to pleasant things, not in the enjoyment of them. Mahometanism a religion heartily *believed*. To the Arab Nation it was as a birth from darkness into light : Arabia first became alive by means of it.

NOTE.—The preceding "Review Analysis" is based upon the entire lecture on "The Hero as a Prophet." Hence a few clauses are to be explained by reference to the complete text.

There are six lectures in "Hero Worship." The subjects are :—I. *The Hero as Divinity*. Odin. Paganism : Scandinavian Mythology. II. *The Hero as Prophet*. Mahomet : Islam. III. *The Hero as Poet*. Dante : Shakespeare. IV. *The Hero as Priest*. Luther : Reformation : Knox : Puritanism. V. *The Hero as Man of Letters*. Johnson, Rousseau, Burns. VI. *The Hero as King*. Cromwell, Napoleon : Modern Revolutionism.

Questions on Carlyle and his "Hero Worship."

1. Give some facts in the early life of Carlyle. 2. His studies in Germany and his life-long devotion to German literature. 3. What marked effect upon his subsequent literary career? 4. What was his first literary work? 5. Mention some of his best-known contributions to periodical literature. 6. How was his translation of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister" received?—Schiller's works?—"Specimens of German Romance"? 7. What can you say of his first original work? ("Sartor Resartus.") 8. How received by publishers while in manuscript?—by the critics and the public? 9. What was the first of Carlyle's works to which his name was formally attached? ("French Revolution," in 1837.) 10. What accident happened to a portion of the manuscript? 11. What works were published in 1839? 1840? 1843? 12. The subjects discussed? Explain in some detail. 13. What important work was published in 1845? 14. Mention in a general way some facts about it. 15. "Life of John Stirling" was published in 1851: what finely-finished and famous description of a great man is found in the book? 16. Carlyle's most extended work was published in 1858-64: what is it? How received? 17. Its sustained power and absorbing interest? 18. What other less important works were published from this time to 1869? 19. Mention his most important miscellaneous writings:—Lectures, *Edinburgh Encycl.* (1830-23), *Examiner* (1848), *Spectator* (1848), &c. 20. Where did Carlyle live for most of his life? 21. Describe his home life at Chelsea. 22. When and where did he die? 23. Have you read his "Reminiscences"? What do you think of it? 24. In general, what impression does it give one of Carlyle? 25. Give the most striking characteristics of him as a man—as a writer. 26. Mention some things that famous men have said of him. 27. Will Carlyle's writings live? 28. Is it too soon to estimate correctly the genius of this remarkable man? 29. What can you say of Froude's "Life of Carlyle"?

30. From what work is "The Hero as a Prophet" taken? 31. Give some details about these "Lectures." When and where delivered? How received, and what famous men heard them? 32. Mention the subjects of the six lectures. 33. Is Carlyle's idea of a hero the one generally accepted? 34. What criticism will you make of his "Heroes"? 35. Mention the strong points of these lectures,—the weak ones. 36. How will you read the "Hero Worship" to get the most good from it? 37. Why not read a lecture through as you would one of Macaulay's essays? 38. Quote one or more extracts from the "Hero Worship," giving Carlyle's "word-portraits" of such men as Dante, Luther, Cromwell, Shakespeare, and Burns.

Selections from Carlyle to Commit to Memory.

"They only are wise who know that they know nothing."

"Laughter, like sunshine on the deep sea, is very beautiful to me."

**"Blessed is he who has found his work ; let him ask no other blessedness
He has a work, a life purpose ; he has found it and will follow it !"**

**"Labor is life ; from the inmost heart of the worker rises his God-given force,
—the sacred, celestial life-essence, breathed into him by Almighty God ; from
his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness, to all knowledge, "self-knowl-
edge," and much else, so soon as work fitly begins."**

**"There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness in work. Were he never
so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that
actually and earnestly works. In idleness alone there is perpetual despair."**

**"Remember now and alway that life is no idle dream, but a solemn reality,
based upon eternity, and encompassed by eternity. Find out your task ; stand
to it ; the night cometh when no man can work."**

**"Books are needed, but yet not many books ; a few well read. An open, true,
patient, and valiant soul is needed ; that is the one thing needful."**

**"The man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder ; a waif, a
nothing, a no man. Have a purpose in life, if it is only to kill and divide and
sell oxen well, but have a purpose ; and having it, throw such strength of mind
and muscle into your work as God has given you."**

**"The older I grow—and I now stand upon the brink of eternity—the more
comes back to me the sentence in the catechism which I learned when a child,
and the fuller and deeper becomes its meaning : "What is the chief end of
man ? To glorify God, and to enjoy him for ever."**

"The tendency to persevere, to persist in spite of hindrances, discouragements, and impossibilities—it is this that in all things distinguishes the strong soul from the weak."

"How much lies in laughter: the cipher-key, wherewith we decipher the whole man! The man who cannot laugh is not only fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils; but his whole life is already a treason and a stratagem."

"The thing that is uttered from the inmost parts of a man's soul differs altogether from what is uttered by the outer part. The outer is of the day, under the empire of mode; the outer passes away, in swift endless changes; the inmost is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

"The meaning of song goes deep. Who is there that, in logical words, can express the effect music has on us? A kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite, and lets us for moments gaze out into that."

"Great men are the fire-pillars in this dark pilgrimage of mankind; they stand as heavenly signs, everlasting witnesses of what has been, prophetic tokens of what may still be, the revealed embodied Possibilities of human nature."

"The withered leaf is not dead and lost, there are forces in it and around it, though working in inverse order; else how could it rot? Rightly viewed, no meanest object is insignificant; all objects are as windows, through which the philosophic eye looks into Infinity itself."

"Neither let mistakes nor wrong directions, of which every man, in his studies and elsewhere, falls into many, discourage you. There is precious instruction to be got by finding we were wrong. Let a man try faithfully, manfully to be right; he will grow daily more and more right. It is at bottom the condition on which all men have to cultivate themselves. Our very walking is an incessant falling; a falling and a catching of ourselves before we come actually to the pavement! It is emblematic of all things a man does."



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